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# The Spirit of Peace

Fred Emerson Brooks

This poem was written by Mr. Brooks for Lookout Mountain, W. R. C., and read by its President, Mrs. Georgia Hodgman, at the dedication of the Peace Monument in Berkeley, California, February twenty-second, nineteen hundred and twelve, the seventh stanza being set in the bronze tablet on the side of the monument

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e hear the dead of ages cry-  
And all the toiling millions plead:-  
Now long shall human beings die  
To satisfy a nation's greed?

Let Christian nations bear in mind  
This world is but a monster school  
Where they are set to teach mankind  
God's charter law-the Golden Rule.

Can we our conscience justify  
While selling savage nations rum?  
Is war religion's battle cry?  
Shall we serve God with fife and drum?

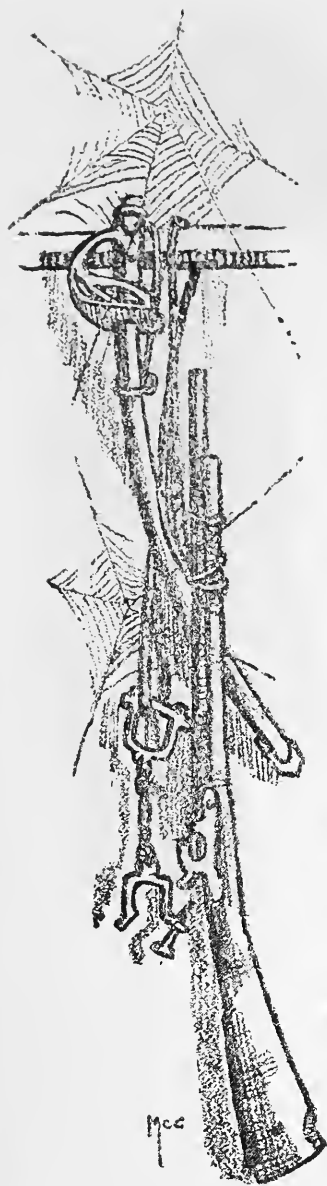
Let all the ships that plow the sea  
The human race still closer bind:  
While that proud banner of the free  
To world-wide peace leads all mankind.



Let freedom's soaring eagle scare  
All warring vultures from the earth  
And heavenward all the incense bear  
That mothers burn around the hearth.

War's curse is not alone its dead:  
What endless grief the battle starts:-  
The path of glory heroes tread  
Is ever paved with broken hearts.





Let women weep no longer for  
Their loved ones slain by man's caprice:  
From out the palsied throat of war  
There comes the silent prayer for peace.

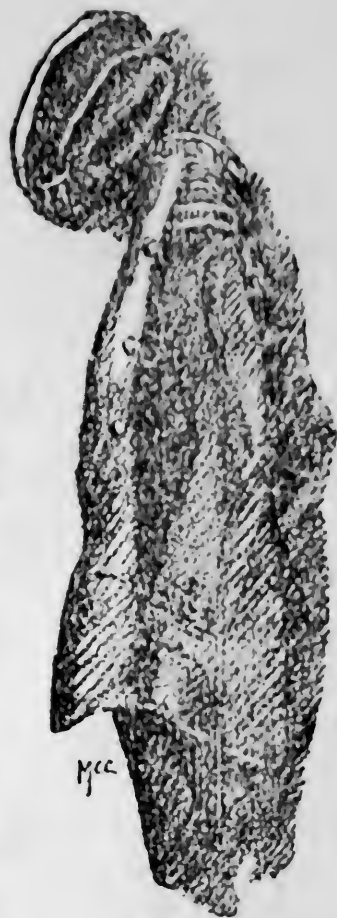
This war scarred monster seems to say:  
War is a nation's only Vice:  
Give thou thy fellow man fair play  
And make this world a paradise.

War clouds will never mar the sky  
When peaceful mortals come to know—  
The first to shout the battle cry  
Do not themselves to battle go.



Let nations try some wiser scheme,  
With world-wide laws to make them just:  
A world-empowered Court Supreme  
With world-police to say—they must!

Let precious blood no more be shed,  
Nor human backs with taxes bend;  
Let war have no more tribute dead!  
Cries Reason: Let there be an end!



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